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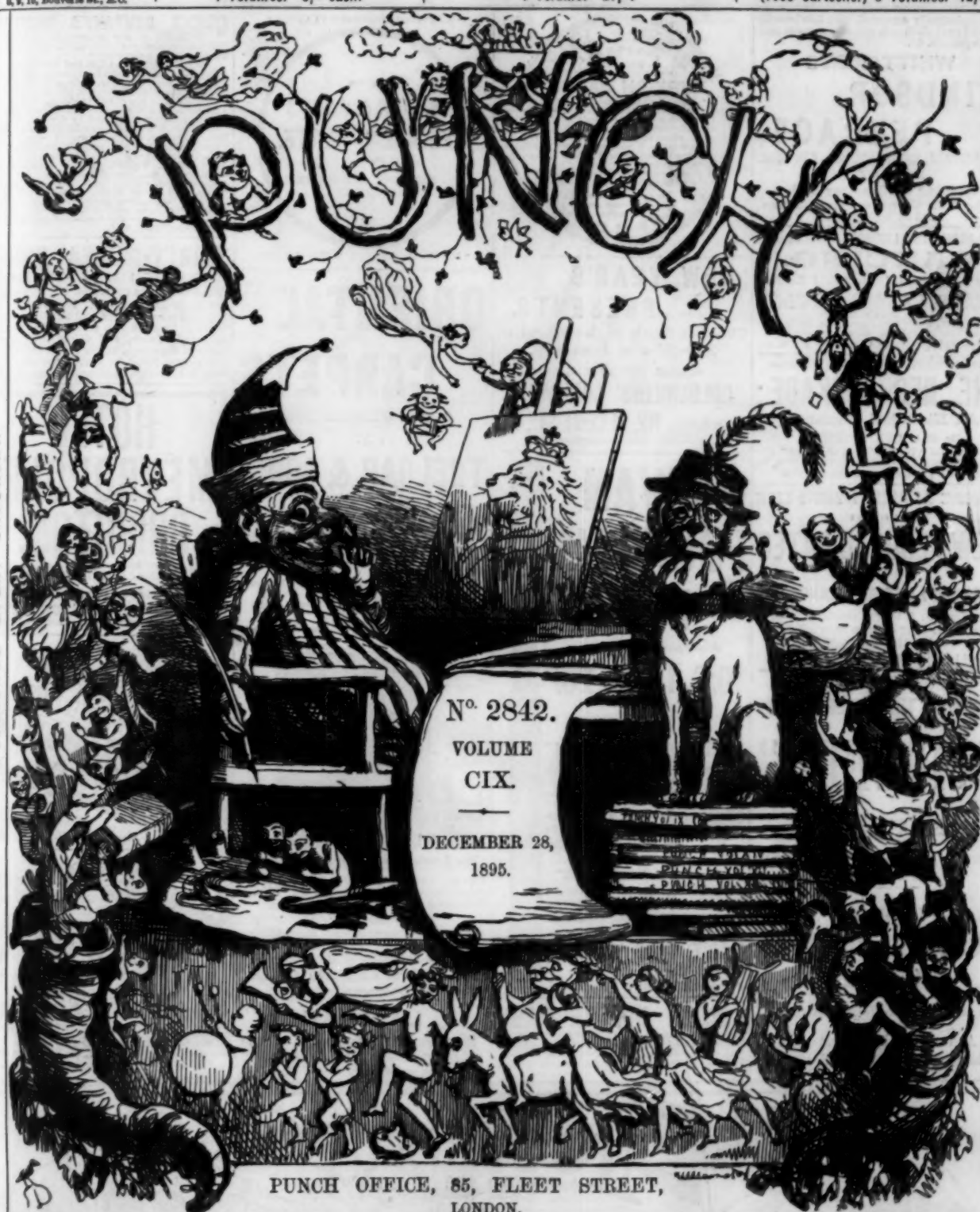
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## SCENE FROM SHAKSPEARIAN PANTOMIME.

"WHERE GOT'ST THOU THAT GOOSE?—LOOK!"—(*Macbeth*, Act V., Sc. 3.)

## EGO!

["Personal reminiscences are to-day all the rage."—*Vide Daily Press*.]

To begin with, I must make an apology. In my character of autobiographer I apologise to him who (seeing how illustrious and important a man I am) would have been deputed, or would have deputed himself, to write—after my dissolution—the record of my life. I "spoof" him—to use a latter-day term—by setting down in an *ave perennis* form my own reminiscences.

I beg his pardon for this act of spoofery. If there is anything to be made, peculiarly, from the recorded events of a career more or less—I know more—distinguished, *coram publico*, let that profit "say I" fall into his hands whose few years' course of usefulness may be thought worthy of recapitulation.

I consider the events of my past years sufficiently important. My would-be biographer, I am told, is of opinion that there is in my career matter sufficiently interesting to be handed down to posterity. I therefore sit down to write my own biography *myself*. I am extremely sorry for my would-be biographer, but following the advice of the immortal Scotchman, SAMUEL SMILES, I *help myself to myself*, and rejoice

that, after the completion of this volume, there will be nothing more to be said on the subject. That, in once, settles the biographer. There is nothing more harrowing to a respectable Shade than the idea that some corporeal nonentity is writing, or about to write, a six-shilling *post-mortem* (!) dissertation upon his embodied existence.

My life has been an arduous one, and though, as I have reason to believe, no one has ever had occasion "to write me down an ass," I have excellent reasons for thinking that this volume will be generally found bound in calf.

In the following chapters I have taken pains to deal with incidents in my life which, according to my conception, I fancy to be of some interest to the reading public. Thus early days in the nursery, tantrums and spankings, surreptitious birdnesting expeditions, and wading in the duck-pond. My first (and last, of course) white lie, and its consequences. A precocious pipe, elementary erudition, and the mastery of "tears without learning." Am sent to Cheam School, thence to Eton College, where am stigmatised as a blockhead, and rapidly introduced to the Warre Office, &c., &c. [And to waste-paper basket. To be discontinued.—ED.]

## THE CHRISTMAS-KEEPER'S VADE MECUM.

(Cynical Version.)

Question. What is your opinion of the Merry Season?

Answer. That, as it cannot be cured, it must be endured.

Q. Then you do not consider it jovial?

A. Certainly not, with its bills, colds, and sad memories.

Q. Are not children's parties pleasant?

A. Only to the doctors, who take a professional interest in the results of gormandising and over-excitement.

Q. Do you not think that a family gathering is delightful?

A. Only from a humorous point of view. It is certainly grimly amusing to see relatives who meet but once a year at loggerheads.

Q. But is a quarrel inevitable when kinaman meets kinsman?

A. Certainly; unless strangers are present to preserve appearances and the peace.

Q. Is there not poetry in the turkey, roast beef, and plum pudding?

A. Scarcely. Indigestion would be nearer the mark.

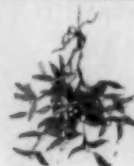
Q. And yet you would keep Christmas?

A. In my own way. I would carefully forget all about it, and spend the last days of December either in Paris or at Brighton.

## Quoth Dunraven "Nevermore."

[It is reported in yachting circles that Sir GEORGE NEWNES will challenge for the America Cup next year.]

O! BOLD Sir GEORGE, be warned by me,  
And stay your eager hand!  
Don't waste your Tit Bits on the sea,  
But cleave unto the Strand!



## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

MR. PUNCH AND MISS DOLLY



**"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!!"**

*President Cleveland.* "WAAL, SALISBURY, SIR, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, WE PROPOSE TO ARBITRATE ON THIS MATTER OURSELVES, AND, IN THAT EVENT, WE SHALL ABIDE BY OUR OWN DECISION."

[*"An inquiry (as to the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana) should, of course, be conducted carefully and judiciously. . . . When report is made (by a Commission appointed by Congress) and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands," &c., &c., "which after investigation we have determined of right to belong to Venezuela."*—*President Cleveland's Message to Congress, vide "Times," Dec. 18.*]



## STUDIES IN MODERN JOURNALISM.

## No. II.—AT THE SIGN OF THE SNIP.

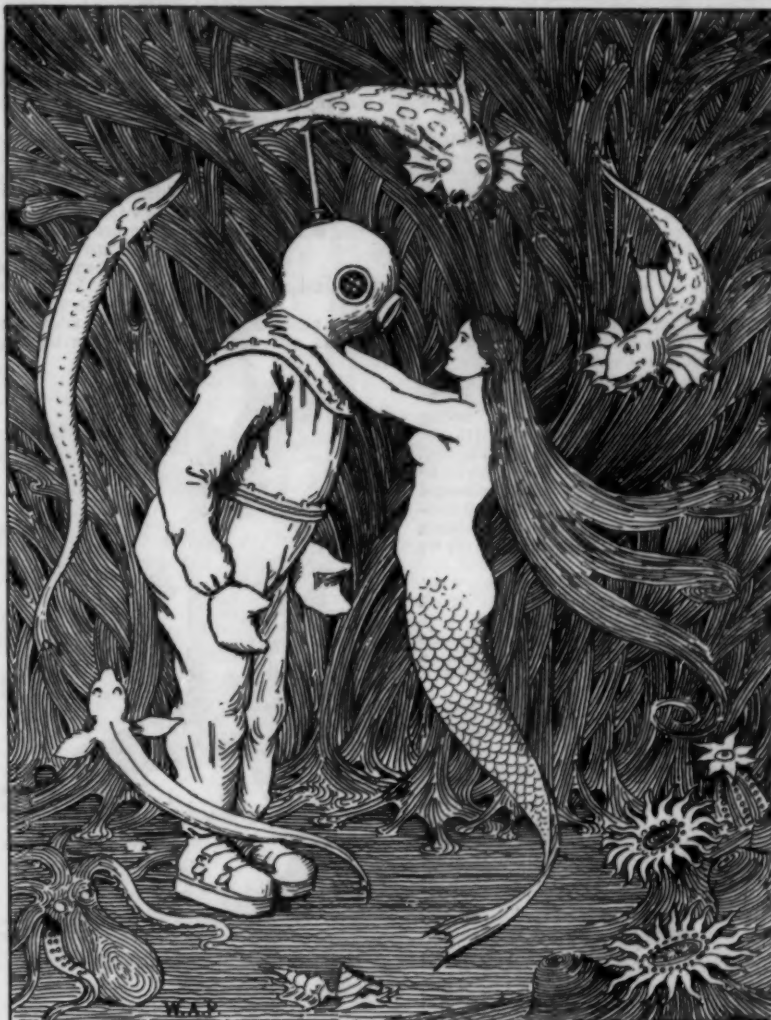
To return once more to a very interesting topic. I picked up at a second-hand book-stall the other day a curious little temperance tract, by a M. FUMISTE, of Paris. Now he asserts in it that JEANNE D'ARC was a rabid teetotaler, and that she made all her followers wear blue ribbons, a theory which is of the utmost importance. But can we believe it? One must remember that almost all the great warriors used to drink—wisely, of course, and not too well—before battle. Thus did ACHILLES and MICKY FREE, and the celebrated Artois general, ASCENPATOHLE—they all “took their whack,” like Mr. HARRY FOKER, and why not the soldiers of LA PUCELLE? There is plenty of hard drinking, too, in the Sagas. Anyhow, M. FUMISTE's argument hardly seems convincing. Then he attempts to prove that the Maid liked her eggs hard boiled. Well, that is too big a question for me to go into now, but I hope to say a little about it in my next six monthly instalments.

Now let us talk a little about the dear spooks. Here is an interesting and well-authenticated story of second sight. Mrs. A., a widow living in Devonshire, fell asleep in her chair one morning, and dreamed that she saw her son, B., who was in London at the time, fall into the Serpentine. Directly she awoke she jotted down the hour (1.15 P.M.), and told her dream to the other members of her household. Now comes the strange part of the story. At that very moment, as it afterwards proved, B. had been eating pigeon-pie in a Fleet Street restaurant. The association of ideas peculiar to the sub-conscious self is thus strikingly illustrated, and the whole story is a very remarkable one.

If one may praise a book which has refreshed a reader weary with the ordinary novel, let me recommend you to read *Usquebagh, the Red Indian*. It is only nine hundred pages long, and there are full descriptions of three battles in the first five chapters, in which about five hundred people are killed. The whole volume reeks of gore, and the accounts of the scalping are bravely done. This is, indeed, the true Romance, and what a pleasant change from the New Pathos, and the New Humour!

SOMEbody has been sending me verses again, and I wish they wouldn't; I always mislay the stupid things; and then the authors—*genus irritabile*!—are vexed. And these aren't even good verses; they are not about Prince CHARLIE, or salmon-fishing, or golf; the only subjects worth a cent., as Mr. W. D. HOWELLS would say. In fact, they are so bad, that I prefer to give some of my own instead.

Ballads of bogies and books,  
Paragraphs witty and deep,  
Subtly allusive, and highly conducive  
To calm and enjoyable sleep,  
Scorn of the decadent scribes  
(Whose works you are bidden to skip),  
And praise of the writing with plenty of fight—  
Are sold “At the Sign of the Snip.” (ing,  
Homer and Æschylus here,  
With Hagard and Weyman you'll find,  
Versions of Horace with tales of Tom Morris  
Are sweetly and neatly combined;  
If *jeux d'esprit*, juggling, or Joan,  
Can please you, with confidence dip  
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Entitled “The Sign of the Snip.”  
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SCENE FROM A SUBMARINE PANTOMIME.

TANTALISING POSITION OF A SUSCEPTIBLE DIVER.

## THE MESSAGE.

A Highly Seasonable (American) Version of a Popular Song.

President Cleveland sings:—

I HAD a Message to send it,  
The Congress, which so snubbed Me;  
But I had my term to finish,  
And then the elections! See?—  
My prospects at those elections  
Were O, so far from clear!  
So methought I'd say to the Congress  
What I reckoned it wished to hear.  
I had a Message to send it,  
And I thought I could hardly fail,  
To that applause from both sides,  
If I—“twisted the Lion's tail,”  
The British Lion's tail!

If I based it on Free Trade fancies,  
Or that Behring's Award, I guessed  
I should raise the national dander:  
Mere right will not pay—out West.  
The true Yank Spread-Eagle, scorning  
All limits, must soar and soar;

If its pinions seem faint or flabby  
Its keeper will get what-for!  
I cried in my passionate longing,  
“Has the earth no angel-friend  
Who will whisper the sort of Message  
It will suit me best to send,  
Pay my Party best to send?”  
Then I heard a strain of clamour,  
So swagger, so loud, so clear!  
It came from our Yankee Jingos,  
And I listened—you bet!—to hear.  
It came, like our Eagle, rushing,  
Abusing all British things,  
And I skillfully laid my Message  
On good old Spread-Eagle's wing.  
I watched them spread farther and farther,  
(My Monroe doctrine to teach;)  
Farther than sense can follow,  
Farther than right can reach,  
Far, far, far-ther!  
And I know that at least this Message  
Will echo from State to State;  
For I've twisted the tail of the Lion,  
And—well, I'm content to wait!  
As the Lion (I reckon) will wait!

## PHIL AND JERRY ABOUT TOWN.

AT "LE BOXE."

By the device of plastering his hair straight down over his forehead, PHIL succeeds in investing himself with a certain meretricious respectability. He says he has been taken for a monk, but that must have been in the dusk. JERRY has a profound respect for PHIL, who, he believes, knows London Life with a minuteness equalled by few.

"I'll show you round some night," PHIL had often said to his friend, but had not descended to particulars. Now he had proposed to begin with what he called a visit to "a glove establishment." When he explained that this meant a boxing match, JERRY felt a cold chill in the neighbourhood of his spine.

"Do they hurt each other?" he inquired.

"Not much," said PHIL. "There's a knock out occasionally, you know, but you'll soon get used to that."

JERRY had often heard of "knock outs" at mock auctions, and though he did not clearly see the connection, it was all part of

London Life. The evening opened under the best auspices. They dined at JERRY's club, perhaps the most respectable in London. At the table next to theirs sat a bishop, "eating soup like an ordinary man," as PHIL remarked. JERRY reflected with pride that PHIL didn't know everything. Evidently he expected there was a well-defined episcopal fashion of eating soup. JERRY was conscious of a certain criminal elation foreign to his breast. "If he only knew where we are going after dinner!" he murmured.

Incidentally PHIL mentioned that, when dining alone in his den, he usually drank his wine out of a skull.

"Do you ever," asked JERRY, with vague recollections of doings at Newstead Abbey in Lord BYRON's time, "drink blood out of it?"

"Sometimes," said PHIL boldly.

When PHIL and JERRY reached the Temple of the Noble Art they found it crowded to the outer ring of chairs and benches. Most of the spectators were in evening dress. Every one was smoking. JERRY at first thought they had tumbled into a fog. Looking down from the gallery he made out a square platform, covered with white cloth and roped in. It was a great night in the sporting world. A popular manager was taking his benefit, and the Fancy looked round him.

"You're in luck," said PHIL. "It isn't often you might drop in and find such a galaxy of talent. You'll see PETER JACKSON, champion of the world; DICK BURGE, light-weight champion of the world; JEM MAC, echoes of whose name may have rippled round your desk at school; BILLY PLIMMER, bantam-weight champion of the world; JERRY DRISCOLL, champion of the navy; and FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, for a while the middle-weight champion. These only a few. But if you feel inclined to do anything, I'll get you up a list, out of which you're sure to be suited."

Two men, ducking under ropes, presented themselves on platform. Stripped to the waist, with black tights, displaying legs all muscle. With them a comfortably stout gentleman in evening dress, who introduced them by name. He mentioned with pride that one of the twain will sign articles to-morrow for a fight with GEORGE DIXON. (Cheers). The two men in black tights, and nothing else, walked diligently round each other. Now and then they met in fierce fray.

Next to JERRY sat a mild-looking gentleman in evening clothes, who took an intelligent interest in the episodes.

"You watch," he said, to no one particular, "how BILL's straight left finds its way about SMITH's mug."

"Time" was called. The two men suddenly stopped, unlacing arms from about each others' necks, temporarily looked in fond embrace. Retired to opposite corners of platform. Sat down on three-legged stools. To either came a man dressed in white calico, suggestive of confectioner out of work. Brought with him a towel. Holding it with either hand on a corner he waved it before the seated gladiator.

"What does he do that for?" JERRY asked.

"To drive away the flies," said PHIL.

JERRY thought that precaution was effectually taken whilst the two men were thumping each other. But these people knew their own business. "TOMMY ORANGE and JIM BROCK" were next announced; evidently old acquaintances.

"Tommy's getting too old for this work," said a gentleman on other side of the mild-visaged man in white necktie.

"Yes," that authority remarked; "Tommy's been trotting round for some years. Out of condition, too; carries quite a little tub. But I expect you wouldn't care to be standing up before him."

JERRY would have liked to ask why this veteran professional should carry a little tub. Probably stored cold tea or other light refreshment in it. JERRY could not see any sign of it; concluded TOMMY had left the tub outside.

"Mr. HORACE KING," said the Master of the Ceremonies, introducing the heavy-weight amateur champion of the '94 brand, "and FRANK CRAIG."

This nice distinction in the use and omission of the Mr. indicated the amateur and the professional. FRANK CRAIG is a gentleman of colour, known to a section of the civilised world as the Coffee Cooler. At cry of "Time!" he advanced from corner and walked round the amateur with springy step, his white teeth shining in ecstatic smile. However it may be with others, the Coffee Cooler is out to enjoy himself. His walk is a dance; his sparring rhythmical. JERRY

expected every moment to see him produce a banjo and hear him break forth in song from the far off plantation.

"Instead of which," as the mild-visaged gentleman said, "he got on with a right-handed punch in the jaw."

When the round was over, and the men retired to their respective corners, JERRY observed that whilst the cloth was brought into diligent use, waving about the face and chest of the amateur, no approaches were made in that direction towards the Coffee Cooler.

"Why is that?" asked JERRY, thirsting for information.

"Well," said PHIL, "you see, he's black. The flies don't show on him, so what's the use."

ALICE ROBERTS and PAT CONDON — "PATTY" the mild-visaged gentleman calls him, as if he were a singer—had a set-to. A patter of blows rang through the crowded arena, like a thunderstorm falling on forest leaves; "only more so," JERRY added. When it was over, both men shook hands affectionately, had the flies driven away, and walked off as if they had been merely conversing on the state of the weather.

Item: An eight-round fight between two soldiers, one a drummer in the Grenadier Guards, the other a corporal in the Hussars. Both splendid specimens of manhood. Naturally the drummer beat, the corporal being knocked out in third round. At this stage a touch of pathos was judiciously introduced on scene verging on the severe. The M.C. led on to the platform PIEDLAR PALMER and BILLY PLIMMER, who were down for a round or so. But the PEDLAR, alas! had his ear environed with cotton wool, evidence of an accident in Scotland, while PLIMMER had put his shoulder out. The two were in morning dress, and looked very sheepish as

the strange coincidence of misadventure was explained. It was disappointing; but the audience generously cheered, and, ducking their heads, the damaged athletes withdrew.

Spirits, temporarily depressed, were raised to highest pitch by appearance of those old favourites JEM SMITH and DICK BURGE. A big, heavy man, JEM, in spite of a long life of hard work. DICK BURGE in black tights, slim, puny in comparison with his opponent. What he lacked in weight he made up in skill and activity. Spun round like a grasshopper. JEM, as the mild-visaged gentleman truly remarked, was "usually there or thereabouts." But before he drew back after striking, DICK BURGE, the pink of courtesy, was sure to have paid a return visit. "If DICK ever wants money, I'm behind him," said the mild-visaged gentleman with exceptional emphasis.

About this time, the hearts of the audience uplifted by this bit of science, the wily M.C. worked off another disappointment. PETER JACKSON, Champion of the World, was down to do something. But no one seemed to want a try with him. As he shuffled across the stage, amid loud applause, you could almost see the blushes mantling his coal-black countenance. So the Champion, who owns in the Coffee Cooler a brother, walked across the platform to show he was there if he were wanted. "Shall we have a round or two, PHIL?" JERRY asked, as they walked out into the fresher air.

"I think not," said PHIL. "Your blood is dangerously up."

JERRY thought none the worse of his friend for this judicial remark, based upon keen observation.



"The Coffee Cooler is out to enjoy himself."



# ROUNABOUT READINGS.

## A CANINE ENGAGEMENT.

THE other day my brown spaniel, *Rufus*, approached me and intimated in the usual manner that he wished to have a private conversation with me. I may mention, by the way, that I have now attached a Canine Cogitagraph to every dog in my possession, and I have therefore no difficulty in discussing matters with them and in registering their thoughts. *Rufus's* manner of declaring his desire for conversation is peculiar. He raises himself on his hind legs, places his fore-paws on your knee, throws his head back and glares at you with eyes that almost bulge out of their sockets. He then scrapes at you with one of his fore-paws, wags his tail (it is a mere stump, I regret to say), and huris himself forward until he has almost buried his head in your lap.

I IMMEDIATELY requested all the other dogs to retire from the room, and then addressed *Rufus*. "Well, *Rufus*, old man," I said, "what do you want?"

"I want to talk to you particularly about a little matter, which—about something I—the fact is, I scarcely know how to put it."

Here *Rufus* blushed. Of course you know how a dog blushes. He drops his eyes, then suddenly curls himself round and seizes his tail in his teeth, as if entirely absorbed in the pursuit of a legion of fleas. As I have said, *Rufus's* tail is short, and the effort of blushing is therefore a very severe one for him. I gently removed his head from his tail and encouraged him to proceed. "Nobody can hear us, my dear boy; pull yourself together, and tell me what is on your mind."

Hereupon *Rufus* sighed, looked round at the garden window to see whether the St. Bernards were about, metaphorically cleared his throat, and made this astounding declaration. "I am in love with *Nellie*, and have asked her to be my wife."

Now *Nellie* is a deerhound, a lady with a most aristocratic head and deep brown, expressive eyes. I had noticed for some time that *Rufus* had been particularly attentive to her. He had constituted himself her guardian, and had growled with more than ordinary fury when any of the other dogs had approached her. On one occasion she had abstracted from him a remarkably succulent cutlet-bone, and he had suffered the indignity without protest. All this I had noticed, but I confess that it had not prepared me for *Rufus's* avowal.

"My dear *Rufus*," I said, "this comes upon me rather suddenly. Is there not a slight disparity in size and general appearance between you and *Nellie*? Your legs, for instance—"

"Legs!" said *Rufus*, disdainfully. "Is a dog to consider his legs when his heart is involved? Besides," he continued, "*Nellie's* legs are quite long enough for both of us, and, after all, if *Nellie* has the longer legs, I have the keener nose, and that makes up for them."

"WELL," I said, "what did *Nellie* reply?"

"*Nellie* told me that she had no objection to me"—as he said this, *Rufus* hung his head in a most affected manner—"that, in fact, she rather liked me, and that she would consider herself engaged to me if her dear master didn't object. She didn't know where her mother was, and as for her father, she had never known him at all, so she was unable to refer me to either of her parents."

"But look here, *Rufus*," I put in, "how do you propose to live?"

"I have thought of that," he said. "There will be room enough for both of us to live quite comfortably in one of the kennels. I shall settle upon her my collar, my chain, and a considerable store of bones, which I have invested in a corner of the garden. Besides, I intend to give her a life interest in my tail."

WELL, to cut a long matter short, *Rufus* was so eager, so pressing, so energetic, that I was forced at last to yield to his request. I then called *Nellie* in, and communicated my decision to her, while *Rufus* retired under the table, and blushed with great vigour. *Nellie*, I am bound to say, showed no special enthusiasm in the matter, but accepted the situation with a placid dignity all her own. I then extracted *Rufus* from beneath the table, joined their paws together, and gave them my blessing. As it was now time for the morning walk, I called the other dogs, *Roy* and *Don*, the two youthful St. Bernards, and *Ben*, the retriever, and we all went out together.

IN some mysterious way the intelligence of an engagement between *Rufus* and *Nellie* must have been communicated to the others, for they all frisked round the happy pair and barked their congratulations. "Look here, you two," said *Ben* to the St. Bernards; "we had better get on ahead a bit and leave these two fools together. They are sure to have a lot of things to say to one another. I have



## CHRISTMAS SCHOOL TREAT.

*Athletic Curate*. "NOW, WAIT A BIT THERE, WAIT A BIT! YOU MUSTN'T START YET. NOW, ARE YOU READY?—ARE YOU READY? G—"

[*Recollects himself, and "rushes" grace.*]

been like that myself and know what it is." So the three capered on ahead leaving *Rufus* and *Nellie* at my heels. Their conversation was so interesting that I here transcribe it.

"Darling *Nellie*," said *Rufus*, in his most pathetic manner, "I love you awfully. I am sure I love you much more than you love me."

"Nonsense, *Rufus*, you only say these things to annoy me. I love you very, very much, really much more than you love me—there!"

"Oh, but what can you see in me to make you love me at all? I am only a short, little, bandy-legged dog, and you are the most beautiful being in the world. No, I'm sure you don't love me more than this," and with that he pointed to the little extra claw on his left fore-paw.

"*Rufus*," said *Nellie*, with a certain amount of asperity; "if you go on like this I really shall have to bite you. You make me doubt whether you love me even a teeny weeny little bit."

"There, there, my own," said *Rufus*, "I didn't mean to vex you. But oh, *shan't* we be happy?"

At this moment there was a tremendous scurry amongst the three dogs who had gone on in front. They had seen a tabby cat at the distance of one hundred yards, and were off, helter skelter, in pursuit. The instinct of the chase asserted itself in the two lovers, and in a moment they, too, had joined in the racket. The cat, I am glad to say, escaped up a tree, but for the time all further love-making was suspended.

"THE MISSING LINK."—At a meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society last week, Dr. DUBOIS, of Leyden, exhibited and lectured upon the fossil bones of what he contended had been an ape-man, found in Java. But Professor VIECHOW argued that the skull and bones were not those of an ape-man but "of a large gibbon." Surely this was going one better than Dr. DUBOIS, who only asserted that the remains of the skeleton had once belonged to a mere ape-man. But to have been connected with a "Gibbon" was an honour of which any admirer of the *Decline and Fall*, including Mr. BOWEN, might well be proud. These "Gibbon Bones" ought to be placed on the shelves of a public library next to "BOWEN'S GIBBON."



## NECESSITIES OF LIFE.

"YES, MY LADY. JAMES WENT THIS MORNING WITH THE HUNTERS, AND I'VE SENT ON THE HEAVY LUGGAGE WITH CHARLES. BUT I'VE GOT YOUR PENCIL-CASE, THE BICYCLE, YOUR LADYSHIP'S GOLF CLUBS AND HUNTING CROP AND BILLIARD CUE, THE LAWN TENNIS RACKET, THE BEZIQUE CARDS AND MARKERS, YOUR LADYSHIP'S BETTING BOOK AND RACING GLASSES AND SKATES AND WALKING-STICK—AND IF I'VE FORGOTTEN ANYTHING I CAN EASILY WIRE BACK FOR IT FROM THE FIRST STATION WE STOP AT."

## SHE AGREED.

For hours they lingered down the glade  
Beneath the leafy trees,  
To take her hand he seemed afraid,  
Much more her waist to squeeze.  
"All flesh is grass," at length he sighed;  
The maid replied "It's true,  
As all must know who've sat beside  
A youth so green as you."

CERTAIN AND APPROPRIATE ACCOMPANIMENT TO A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.—Waits.

A DOLL DRUM.—First-rate show of dolls at Albert Hall. That's Truth,—with a "High T" and refreshments for visitors. This hall is now the home of dolls at Christmas. "Dol-ce Domum." Or as a little girl said to her mother, "Doll see! Do mum-my!"

HONORIS CAUSA.—When Sir WALTER BESANT has completed his exhaustive *History of London*, of course the name of our Metropolis will be changed to Besantium, in honour of the author's labours in the East.

## WINTER CHEER.

*A Secular Christmas Carol.*

["Winter Cheer," the name of a crimson Carnation.]

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,  
And when it comes it brings good cheer."  
So runs the good old saying,  
Drawn from the days men scarce remember,  
When Britons danced in drear December  
As lightly as when Maying.

The brave old folk! They loved their joke,  
Nor, donkey-like, to Dullness' yoke,  
Mere Issachars, went crouching.  
They named their very flowers as though  
They saw the sun above the snow,  
Good hope and pluck avouching.

When "milk came frozen home in pail,"  
They warmed their hearts with song and tale,  
And cheered their souls with carol.  
Cheeks reddened at the Christmas-rose,  
Not like our pessimistic crows,  
All "black as a tar-barrel."

They did not "pull a kite" and sniff,  
Or cock a cynic nose, as if  
All love and fun were folly.  
They plucked bright flowers in Summer's  
prime,  
Yet knew to cheer white Christmas-time  
With mistletoe and holly.

And why not we? Let Mirth and Glee,—  
Not Tweedledum and Tweedledee  
In everlasting ahindy,—  
Be our companions for the hour;  
Though frosts may chill, or rains may show'r,  
Or nights be wild and windy.

There's Winter cheer,—for those who look,—  
In home, and child, and friend, and book,  
Despite the dismal croakers.  
Trouble returns, maybe, to-morrow,  
To-day avault with brooding sorrow!  
Hurrah for honest jokers!

To those who fret old griefs and whims on,  
The old carnation flushed and crimson,  
And named so patly, prettily,  
Might teach a lesson good to learn,  
When boards are piled, and Yule-logs burr,  
And girlish eyes gleam jettily.

When Christmas comes it brings good cheer!  
But there are regions dim and drear  
Which never know his coming.  
Where boards are bare and grates are void,  
Whose very children ne'er enjoyed  
The season's mirth and mummieing.

What "Winter cheer" have such poor souls  
In their foul slums and stuffy holes  
Where sunrays are a rarity?  
None, none!—unless the outcast band  
Are succoured by the open hand  
Of Christian Christmas Charity!

So *Punch*, whilst preaching pluck and mirth,  
For generous goodwill on earth  
An earnest prayer must mingle.  
Since Christmas comes but once a year,  
Let the poor share your Winter cheer!  
A good old tag, though trite, yet clear,  
To close his Christmas jingle!

THE PROPHETIC SAGE OF FLEET STREET.—At this particular moment *Mr. Punch* refers his readers, which means everybody, everywhere, to his cartoon for November 2, where to Master JOHNNY's question as to the meaning of "The MONROE Doctrine," Master JONATHAN answers, "We-al-guess it's that everything everywhere be-longs to US," Which "US" of course stands, as usual, for the United States. President CLEVELAND has pointedly illustrated the illustration.





### A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

FATHER CHRISTMAS, "NOW, MY LITTLE MAN, WHERE'S YOUR STOCKING!"  
POOR LITTLE WAIF, "PLEASE, SIR, I AIN'T GOT NE'ER A ONE!"



THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY  
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## REQUEST OF AMOROUS ARCONAUT.

You always loved to be afloat  
In skiff or in canoe,  
Or any other sort of boat  
With only room for two.  
To feather you would not be taught,  
Did not know stroke from bow,  
And what a lot of crabs you caught!  
I wish you caught them now.

Can you recall the dreadful shock  
You caused when you *would* steer,  
You meant to make for Molesey Lock  
But went to Molesey Weir.  
In agony you cried "Which string?"  
Too late, as we upset.  
I would that now to me you'd cling  
As you did dripping wet.

On Boatrace Day you'd always don  
The dark and azure blue,  
So when the match was lost and won  
You wore the victor's hue.  
You asked, on Henley's classic stream,  
What time the tide was low?  
And why they didn't race by steam,  
For rowing was so slow?

If living ninety years from hence  
(I wish you no such fate),  
You'll never know the difference  
'Twixt four-oar and an eight;  
But this perhaps you'll comprehend,  
I've house-boat room to spare,  
And single sculling I will end  
If you will make a pair.

EFFECTS OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE  
—NEWS FROM MADAME TISSAUD'S! (By  
Our Own Schoolboy.)—All the figures are  
awfully waxy.

A SCIENTIFIC PARADOX.—A druggist,  
in the very act of using drugs, dispenses  
with them.

## CHARMING CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY SUBJECT.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



"THE NEW USHER OF THE BLACK ROD."

General Sir ROBERT BIDDULPH, G.C.B., has accepted  
the post of Usher of the Black Rod.]

"HUSH! 'TIS THE BOOBY MAN!"

## ALL BUT A JOKE.

THE following replies to a message  
seemingly emanating from President  
CLEVELAND, and apparently couched in  
the same terms as that referring to Eng-  
land, has been forwarded to 85, Fleet  
Street, presumably with a view to their  
being transmitted to America. Mr.  
Punch, however, prefers to retain them  
for his own columns. In the cause of  
peace the Sage of sages has suppressed  
the signatures.

(Post-mark, Paris.)

You tell the greatest nation of the earth  
that you are going to adjudicate, on your  
own responsibility, in a matter affecting  
exclusively that great nation's interests!  
You are insolent! You are absurd! You  
are American roast beef! No; a thousand  
times, no! Your folly is not magnificent,  
but it may cause the war!

(Post-mark, St. Petersburg.)

You are not of course serious! But if  
you are, I have the honour to inform you  
that I shall be glad to discuss the matter  
further with you when I have got you  
safely landed—in Siberia.

(Post-mark, Constantinople.)

Infidel dog! Take away your station-  
aries; you will want them to defend New  
York. All that is good about you is your  
doctrine of MUMRON PASHA! I shall adopt  
it in Turkey. But as for your preten-  
tions, speak to me again when you are  
ready for war—in 1900!

(Post-mark, Berlin.)

Oh, goodness gracious! Oh, dear me!  
What, insult my army! and insult me!  
Oh, you degraded, insolent, pig-headed  
—(remainder of reply is ab- itely unfit  
for publication).

At Christmas time every woeful tale  
ought to end with a tip.

## "MARIA, THE BRUNETTE."

(Framework of a Christmas Story, Old Style, but Topically up to Date.)

THE three city men, while they waited, exchanged experiences.  
Their stories had been told before, but to a different audience. As  
it happened, when each had his biography related by an expert, the  
others had been away. But now they were together. They had not  
much leisure for recollections. Every moment they expected the  
attendant who was to "personally conduct" them on their tour.  
Not that they would be long with him; they were soon to part  
company. One was going after a week's delay to the south coast;  
another to the extreme west; another to the bracing air of a northern  
suburb of the metropolis.

They laughed as they recognised one another. They had met  
before, but with different surroundings.

"How shall we pass the time?" asked one.

"By following the precedent set by CHARLES DICKENS years ago,  
and telling one another stories," was the prompt response; "and I  
beg to move that our friend who has hitherto kept silence should  
lead the way. Gentlemen, attention for a yarn."

Thus encouraged, the third man commenced.

THE FIRST CITY MAN'S STORY.—*The Company Promoter.*

I had half-a-crown in my pocket, &c., &c. (for ten pages), and so,  
in spite of all my toil and trouble, the Wooden Nutmegs Company  
turned out a failure.

"Dear me!" observed City Man Number One, "you had dis-  
tinctly hard luck. Well, I suppose we must consider it the fortune  
of war."

"Can you not tell us something about your own adventures?"  
said the original speaker. "Ah, I see you have no objection."

Thus invited, the man in the white hat commenced.

THE SECOND CITY MAN'S STORY.—*The African Explorer.*

I had not been happy at home, and was partial to a roving life.  
I had quarrelled with all my relatives; so, securing eighteen pence

in copper (my entire capital), I commenced my wanderings. I went to  
Africa, &c., &c. (for ten pages). Then when the official receiver  
issued his report I found that the Far Above Rubies Gold Mine had  
not been (to put it mildly) the safest of investments.

"We should think not," said the others with a smile. "We should  
think not."

Time was now running short. And consequently, in compliance  
with his promise, the last merchant commenced.

THE THIRD CITY MAN'S STORY.—*The Stock-Exchange Jobber.*

I had just fivepence. However, this carried me into the House.  
I was not ambitious. I took a broom, and used it. This gradually,  
&c., &c. (for ten pages), so the shares ran down like the mouse in  
"Dickory Dock!" The slump came, I went with it, and you see  
me where you find me.

At this point the personal conductor entered.

"Here, you three," he said roughly, "stir yourselves."

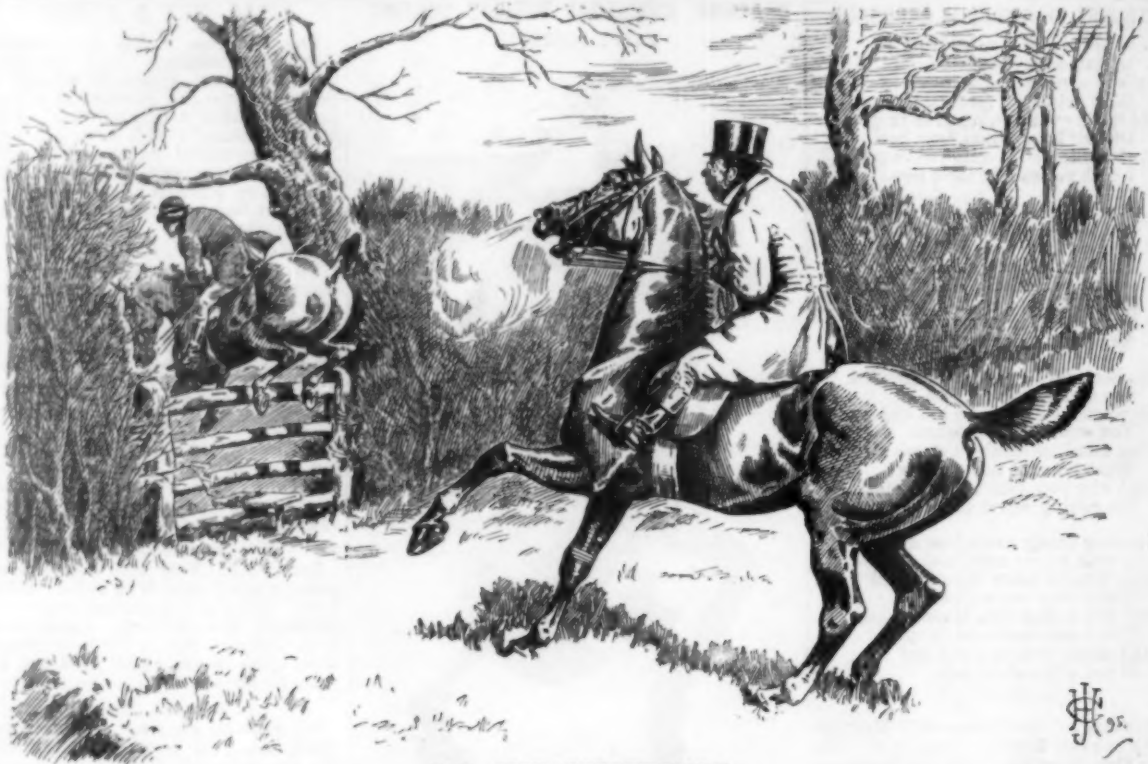
"Where are we going?"

"To Holloway, in the first instance." And without further fuss  
he pushed the convicts into Black Maria.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A CAPITAL book of "nonsense" verses and pictures, quite the best  
thing of the kind since Mr. LEAR's illustrated rhymes, has been pro-  
duced anonymously by "A Nobody," and "obligingly published"  
by GARDNER & Co. The Baron, at Christmas time, cannot do a  
better turn to young and old friends than by recommending them,  
one and all, to procure this book, which provides a store of lore for  
Christmas holidays. The Baron likewise advises them to add to their  
purchases *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls*, written by Miss  
BERTHA UPTON, and capably illustrated by her sister, Miss  
FLORENCE. "Doli sine ratione non possunt,"—which, being trans-  
lated, means that these 'Dolls (Dohs)' couldn't do what they do do  
unless they had all their wits about 'em," quoth

THE LEARNED AND CHRISTMASSEY BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Shortsighted Sportsman (thrown out—having followed innocent-looking Youth down to corner of field). "CONFOUND THE FELLOW! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO OPEN A GATE!"

## THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

(Some Seasonable Encore Stanzas dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Duke of Westminster.)

[THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER is reported to have presented HOGARTH'S celebrated and patriotic masterpiece, "Calais Gate; or, the Roast Beef of Old England," to the National Gallery.]

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's food,  
They painted some pictures the world allows good.  
Now the Duke makes a gift, in munificent mood,  
Of HOGARTH'S "Roast Beef of Old England,"  
Sing Oh! this old English Roast Beef!

The Roast Beef HARRY FIELDING and LOVERIDGE praised,  
Britons still have a love for, in days crank and crazed,  
So Punch holds that a stave to our Duke should be raised,  
Who gives Bull this "Roast Beef of Old England."  
Sing Oh! the old English Roast Beef!

If ever a true English painter we had,  
It was WILLIAM HOGARTH, free from freak and from fad,  
So a true English Duke makes true English hearts glad  
With this timely "Roast Beef of Old England,"  
Sing Ho! the Duke's English Roast Beef!

## PLAYING ON THE BEACH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—After selling my wife's trinkets to pay income-tax, judge of my astonishment on reading this:—

In replying to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said he had only had a single representation asking for remission of taxation.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER seems actually to be offended because only one individual has asked to have his money back! Just to undeceive him, I may say that a cheque for £1 5s. 4d. (the amount of my aforesaid income-tax) will be most welcome to

ATHEL ASTORP.

P.S.—I look upon the income-tax this year as a "Hicks Beach-poll" which all have to swallow.

## VAN WINKLE ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

(A Sequel to the Hundred Years' Sleep.)

RIP awoke after a slumber of a hundred years. He was too weary to talk, so he listened. There were two strange persons speaking with an accent that he recognised of Devonian origin. In their features, too, he recognised a trace of faces of Plymouth extraction. He thought that some more excursionists had come over from England to settle in the youngest of British colonies.

"I tell you what it is," said the first of the two men, "we cannot tolerate foreign interference."

"That is so," returned the other; "these Britishers must keep their distance. We are going to boss our own land, and that's a fact."

"You are about right. The great American Continent belongs to the great American People, and they claim their inheritance."

"I say," said RIP, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "What are you talking about? And as I have been asleep for a long while, tell me first, how is King GEORGE?"

"We know nothing about kings," was the reply. "We are citizens of the United States, and we are not going to stand any foreign interference from Britishers."

"Foreign interference!" exclaimed RIP. "What are you talking about! Why, England was in America ages before your now-fangled Republic. And how about Canada, and the British possessions in the South?"

For RIP, although he had been asleep for a century, had managed to keep his dreams decently up to date.

"We know nothing about history," cried the citizens of the U.S.A. "All we feel is that we ain't going to brook any foreign interference."

"What rot!" returned RIP. "Because Nephew (not Uncle) SAM has declared himself independent of JOHN BULL, that does not give him a right to call all Transatlantic Britain his own. If JOHN were to turn nasty and turn you all out, what would you do then?"

"Well, I suppose we should have to go back home. After all, England isn't such a bad place to live in."

But RIP was dissatisfied with the situation in spite of this assurance. So he returned to his slumbers.





"After the Call was over," 69  
 After the Congress was over, 6  
 "After the Deputation had retired," 289  
 "After the Play is over," 187  
 Age of Culture (The), 82  
 Age of Love (The), 141  
 All but a Joke, 309  
 Amateur Actor's Vade Mecum (The), 273  
 Amnesia Bacillus (The), 123  
 Angling Extraordinary, 110  
 Another Conference of Women Workers,  
 213  
 Another Dialogue of the Night, 129  
 Aroses Ambo, 77  
 Arithmetical Exercise, 73  
 'Arry on Harry, 90  
 'Arry on the Electors, 99  
 Art is Measurement, 381  
 Asinine Performance (An), 150  
 As the Law should be, 147  
 At Cromer, 160  
 "Athelstane the Unready," 112  
 At Last, 183  
 An Revolt to Opera, 58  
 BACHELOR "Bow'd" (A), 192  
 Ballade of the Sacred Song (The), 290  
 Ballad of Brechtana (The), 183  
 Ballast for that Balloon, 75  
 Ball versus Ball, 143  
 Battle in a Soda-Water Bottle (A), 1:9  
 "Be it Cosiness," 297  
 Benn and Jim, 219  
 Bike v. Bicycle, 101  
 Bonne Bouche (A), 73  
 "Bonnie Dundee," 193  
 Boy and the Bat (The), 5  
 Boy on the Busby Celebration (A), 173  
 Briggs of Balliol, 21, 25  
 British Bather (The), 118  
 Brown and Me, 45  
 Browning at Browning Hall, 194  
 By a Reasonable Rad, 71  
 By our Notes-and-Query Man, 75  
 By-way of History (A), 200  
 Canny, 101, 113, 125, 137, 149, 168, 110,  
 169, 197, 208, 237, 277  
 Candidate's Vade Mecum (The), 3  
 Canine Sagacity in excelsis, 228  
 Carlo the Cynic, 309  
 Cantion in Right Direction, 198  
 Chance for Somebody (A), 251  
 Character of the Happy "Copper," 111  
 Cheek! 89  
 "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" 185  
 "Children's Country Holidays Fund"  
 (The), 103  
 Chip to the Champion (A), 71  
 Christmas Eve, 267  
 Christmas in Somerset, 294  
 Christmas Keeper's Vade Mecum (The), 201  
 Christmas Number Producer's Vade  
 Mecum (The), 279  
 Clerical Mistake (A), 195  
 "Collar Work," 196  
 "Coming of Arthur" (The), 236  
 Coming Struggle (The), 269  
 Command of the Army (The), 153  
 Company Promoter's Vade Mecum (The),  
 253  
 Concerning a Public Nuisance, 53  
 Congratulations, 227  
 Conqueror (The), 141  
 Contemporary Conundrum (A), 252  
 Council of War (A), 192  
 Country of Cocksaine (The), 76

"Court of Common Sense" (The), 273  
 Court on again, 174  
 "Crawl to the South" (The), 161  
 Crazy Tales, 198  
 Cricket Three (The), 180  
 Cry from Chicago (A), 118  
 Cry of the Counter (The), 23  
 Crystallised Palace'd Fruits, 157  
 Cue for Canvassers, 37  
 Curious Spell (A), 275  
 Curious Rhyme, 183  
 Cycle and the Camera (The), 213  
 Cycling in Russia, 229  
 DALY NEWS, 17  
 "Daly News! Special!" 3  
 Delightful Discoveries, 53  
 Dialogue of the Night (A), 120, 135  
 Discovery in Liqueurs (A), 12  
 Dissolving Views, 40  
 Dod the Dodger! 274  
 Dress à la Première Mode, 6  
 Drinking Scene of the Future, 37  
 Dude the Diffuse, 285  
 Echnom from the Pella, 20  
 Edith Mary Ledingham, 147  
 Ego! 301  
 Election Intelligence, 17, 38  
 Election Notes from the West, 41, 51  
 Election Pleasant Phrase-Book (The), 69  
 "Encore 'Mostilodi'!" 262  
 End of George's and Jacky's Holidays,  
 123  
 English Wife (The), 297  
 Essence of Parliament, 11, 37, 77, 85, 107,  
 118, 181  
 Ex-Hon. Private A. Briefless Jan., on  
 the I. O. C. R. V. C. at Buxley, 53  
 FASHIONS for the Fifth, 225  
 "Fink," 195  
 For a' that, and a' that, 267  
 For Butter or Worse, 250  
 For the Tailors' Congress at Verviers, 66  
 For Wheel or Woe, 169  
 Found in the Ministerial Letter-Box, 226  
 Found Wanting, 166  
 FROSTY FLOWERS, 276  
 GENERAL Election (The), 45  
 George Augustus Sala, 299  
 George's and Jacky's Holidays, 100  
 Gil Blas-4, 166  
 Good Bedrington, 66  
 Good News, and Strange too, 59  
 Goose and Gander, 143  
 Grand Old Gardener (A), 169  
 Great Wheel Gossip, 15  
 HALF-AND-HALF, 10  
 "Happy Evenings," 249  
 Happy Harrogate, 123  
 "Hare Apparent" (The), 275  
 Harry on 'Arry, 81  
 Henry Barcarolle (A), 27  
 Henry Richard Howard, 188  
 Her Heart and Hand, 267  
 Heroes and Hat Worship, 285  
 Her Previous Sweetheart, 15  
 Hibernian Arithmetic, 246  
 "Hot Adelphoi," 186  
 "Honours Easy," 42  
 Hot Water Bottles (The), 286  
 How I lost my Poll, 60  
 How Kipper slew the New Forest Hornet,  
 204, 216, 236  
 How the Toppers came down to the Pella,  
 46  
 How to be Happy, 253

Humpty-Dumpty's Song, 192  
 IDEAL and the Real (The), 288  
 II "True Blue" Ingles, 20  
 Imperial Federalist's Vade Mecum, 228  
 Independent Feather Party (The), 106  
 In Pity for Sprague, 223  
 In re the I. O. C. R. V. C., 72  
 Interesting Case of Mr. Briefless (The), 121  
 In the Earl's Court India, 16  
 "I promised Spout," 221  
 JOETING at the Prince of Wales's, 61  
 Jolly young Waterman (The), 183  
 Joseph's Dream, 238  
 Jottings and Tittlings, 300  
 Jove's Jester interviewed, 78  
 KEEPING his "I" in, 278  
 LA Belle Dame sans Merci, 114  
 Labour Gallio (The), 45  
 Lactical Lazity, 246  
 La Géographie de Londres, 64  
 Last Knight of the Season (The), 66  
 Last of Mowgli (The), 166  
 Last Page from Somebody's Diary, 59  
 Last Turnpike (The), 177  
 Last Words, 223  
 Latest Danger (The), 94  
 Lay of the Lancashire Lass (The), 190  
 Leave of Absence to August-out Daly  
 Co., 69  
 Leaves from the Highland Journal of  
 Toby, M.P., 220, 245, 266  
 Legal Lanching, 108  
 Lesson from the New Lizard (A), 107  
 Letters from a Fiancée, 159, 297  
 Letters to a Fiancée, 149, 189  
 L'le de Wight, 153  
 Literary Turn (A), 96  
 Little Dinner of the Twentieth Century  
 (The), 268  
 Little Holiday (A), 88  
 Long Ago Legends, 276  
 Lost Record (The), 57  
 MAGNIFICENT—and War (if necessary), 291  
 Magnificent Opportunity (A), 165  
 Many Licenses and only one Fish Sauce,  
 225  
 "Maria, the Brunette," 309  
 Marvellous Feat of Tree-ibby Svengali-  
 vanised, 213  
 Matter for further Consideration (A), 274  
 Maximus Orellius, 169  
 Meeting of Fairy Folk, 267  
 Meeting of the Water-Ratepayers, 69  
 Message (The), 268  
 Meteorological Misgivings, 54  
 Michaelmas Term at Cambridge, 174  
 Minister of Fine Arts (The), 265  
 Minor Critique on Minor Post, 239  
 MISOGYNIS, 35  
 (Miss) Brown Study (A), 239  
 "Missing Link" (The), 305  
 Mostilodi, 262  
 Modest Proposal from Baboo Jabberjee,  
 165  
 Monopoly, 78  
 "Montagu!" (A), 257  
 More Knights Hospitaliers, 246  
 Most Inviting, 222  
 Mr. Briefless is interviewed, 183  
 Mr. Briefless, Jun., on the Long Vac-  
 tion, 22  
 Mr. Briefless on Legal Education, 246  
 Mrs. Mammon, 153  
 "Mr. Speaker!" 58  
 Music Hall as Others would see it, 210

Music minus Charms, 116  
 NAME! Name! 289  
 Naval Manoeuvres (The), 49  
 N.B. in N.B., 209  
 Nearly-reached Shilling (The), 87  
 Net Profits, 179  
 New Battle of Hastings (The), 94  
 New Carillon at the Royal Exchange, 18  
 New Horrible Tale (The), 34  
 New Swan Song (A), 165  
 New Version, 156, 267  
 New Woman in Somerset (The), 229  
 Not the Cheese, 150  
 Not without a Precedent, 276  
 Novel Education (A), 255  
 Now and Then, 198  
 Nursery School Examination, 298  
 OBERLEADED à la Mode, 147  
 Ode to a Water Company, 51  
 "O Honey!" 250  
 Old Chieftain's Farewell (The), 18  
 Old Doctrines named after Monroe, 2:0  
 "Old Order changeth" (The), 258  
 Old Saw re-set, 180  
 Ollendorf Guide to Knowledge (The), 42,  
 78, 97  
 Ollendorf System of Invasion (The), 263  
 On a Sympathetic Actress, 219  
 One Thing wanting (The), 204  
 On the Cards, 78  
 On the Senior Sculls, 51  
 On View at Henley, 23  
 Open Confession, 324  
 Operatic Notes, 5, 18, 29, 41  
 Order! Order! 30  
 Our Booking-Office, 1, 18, 25, 45, 47, 65,  
 101, 110, 162, 173, 185, 204, 269, 217,  
 240, 241, 263, 274, 288, 269, 269  
 Our Conductor Leads, 177  
 Our Family Exchange Column, 180  
 Our Fashion Letter, 144  
 Our Napping Patherland, 270  
 Our New Knight Hospitalier, 221  
 Our Own Torment in North Devon, 186, 149  
 Our Theatricals, 58  
 Over-Bohring Conduct, 270  
 PASSION and Poetry, 71  
 Pasteur, 173  
 Path of Peace (A), 1  
 Peace and Plenty, 239  
 Phil and Jerry about Town, 364  
 Piece full of Point (A), 190  
 "Pinerian" Spring", at the Comedy,  
 (The), 215  
 Plain tale of Cinderella (The), 284  
 Playing at Work, 155  
 Playing on the Beach, 310  
 Plea for our Trees (A), 223  
 "Please to remember the Ninth of  
 November," 227  
 Pleasure and Profit, 209  
 Poetic Licences, 146  
 Post-Laureate Stakes (The), 196  
 Political Ugly Duckling (The), 65  
 Pot-luck, 186  
 Problem Playwright's Vade Mecum, 291  
 Prophetic Sage of Fleet Street (The), 205  
 Psalm of August (A), 61  
 Psychophilocephalophrenosygnomy, 125  
 Punch to "Lonia Fyne," 286  
 Punch to the Rugby Union, 183  
 Putney Spook (The), 110  
 Q. E. D., 193  
 Query (A), 73  
 Question of Frankness (A), 273

Quite Correct, 192  
 Railway Race (The), 109  
 Railway Travelling, 167  
 Reaction, 1895, 83  
 Real Eastern Question (The), 29  
 Real School for Scandal (The), 237  
 Real School for Scandal again (The), 292  
 Reciprocity, 41  
 Red Orchid (The), 57  
 Really! Really! 285  
 Re-incarnation, 49  
 Request of Amorous Argonaut, 209  
 Retreat of the Fifteen Thousand (The), 157  
 Rhyme by a Bad, 105  
 Rivals at the Court, 255  
 Riverside Rondo (A), 123  
 Roast Beef of Old England (The), 318  
 Robert Burns to the Rescue, 99  
 Robert under the Greenwood Tree, 85  
 Robbing-Room Rumours, 221, 276  
 Rochester Gate and the L. C. C., 161  
 Romance of the Future (A), 202  
 Rose—Robertson and Juliet Paula  
 Campbell, 161  
 Roundabout Readings, 9, 13, 47, 60, 72,  
 84, 86, 117, 123, 144, 154, 166, 171, 191,  
 203, 217, 231, 250, 257, 266, 281, 288, 295  
 "Rule, Britannia!" 77  
 Scientific Investigation of Infancy (The),  
 244  
 Scrape from Chaps, 10, 21, 29, 37, 53, 61,  
 85, 86, 97, 113, 121, 141, 145, 157, 177,  
 186, 195, 205, 217, 240  
 Seasonable Dialogue, 219  
 "Secret of Success" (The), 73  
 Sermons, 145  
 Serving out Blank Cartridges, 268  
 Shakespeare on the Situation, 1  
 Shakespeare without the Musical Glasses,  
 289  
 Size agreed, 308  
 Shooting Stars, 292  
 "Six transit gloria Hoodi," 167  
 Sims Reeves at the Empire, 179  
 Sir E. Clarke and the Bar, 263  
 Sketches from Scotland, 173, 184  
 Skittish Skirt-dancers (The), 241  
 Smortkorkiana, 170  
 So like them! 275  
 Soliloquy in St. James's Park (A), 43  
 Roman at Sydenham (The), 4  
 Some Minor Hypocrites and their Mean-  
 ings, 252  
 Something Attractive in a Name, 180  
 Something like Justice, 228  
 Song for Bobbies on Dikes, 269  
 Song for the Shipbuilding Trade, 220  
 Song of the Powers, 249  
 Song of the Shrimper (The), 93  
 Song to Sims Reeves, 261  
 Sportive Songs, 280, 297  
 Sport per Wire, 209  
 Stambuloff, 45  
 Strictly according to Precedent, 126  
 Studies in Modern Journalism, 237, 373  
 Suggestion (A), 220  
 Summer out of Season, 165  
 Talk of the Toll'd (A), 238  
 Thames Talk, 221  
 That poor Irish Harp! 94  
 That poor Penny Dreadful! 100  
 That Tune! 201  
 Theatrical Intelligence, 292  
 Thirty-one-and-sixpenny Dreadful, 111  
 Thomas Henry Huxley, 23  
 Three Choirs (The), 126  
 Three Weird Writers of Drury Lane (The),  
 169  
 To A. Balfour, 253  
 To a Friend of Mine, 174  
 To a Lady Humorist, 25  
 To a Westerly Gale in London, 190  
 To Odie, 251  
 To Chloe, 75  
 To Constantine, 292  
 To Dr. W. G. Grace, 45  
 Toller to a Twitler (A), 915  
 To Julia, Knight-errant, 57  
 Tom the Gilder, 156  
 To prevent Misunderstanding, 175  
 Tor-castal Notes, 124  
 To Trichasie, 24  
 To Tribby, 268  
 Town versus Country, 101  
 Traveller's Conversation-Book, 156  
 Trifles Light as Hair, 84  
 Trio (A), 203  
 Trip "per Sea" (A), 93, 105  
 True Sportsman's Tip (A), 85  
 "Twenty Minutes on the Continent," 112  
 Two Soldiers' Tears, 219  
 Ugly, 125  
 Ulysses at Taplow, 291  
 Union v. Disunion, 249  
 Urbs in Ruin—the Farmer's Future, 258  
 Vax Winkle on the Munroe Doctrine, 310  
 Very latest "Hittite" Seal (The), 106  
 Very Likely, 226  
 Virginibus puerisque, 147

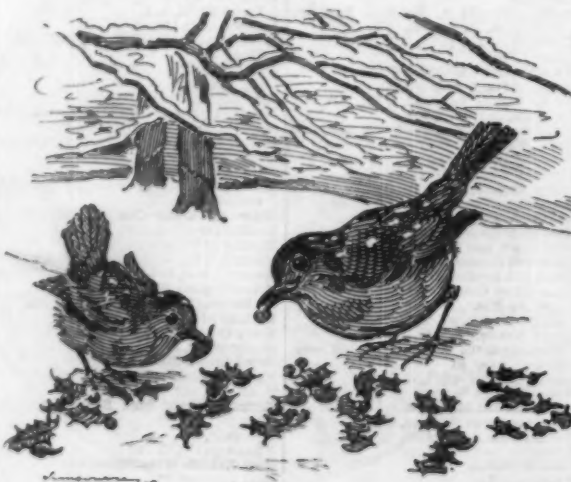
Voice from the Table (A), 94  
 WARNING (A), 236  
 Wasting her Sweetness, 25  
 Way they have at the Bar (The), 216  
 Welcome Home! 166  
 "Well Played!" 261  
 Wheel of Fate (The), 178  
 Wheels within Wheels, 261  
 Where not to go, 73  
 Who wouldn't be an Alderman? 6  
 Winter Cheer, 209  
 Winter Covent Garden Operatic Notes, 193  
 Woman and her Wheel, 245  
 Woodman, spare not that Tree, 186  
 Yell from the Yellow (A), 219  
 "You are most apt to play the Sir," 45  
 Young Primrose's Party, 54  
 "Youth wanted," 263

## LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

AFTER the Battle, 55  
 "Are you Ready?" 19  
 Armenia's Appeal, 295  
 Ashanti again! 247  
 "Bung" in Africa, 189  
 "Calm and Peace," 91  
 Christmas Puzzle (A), 207  
 Colonial Matrimonial Agent (The), 283  
 "Dead-Lock" (The), 271  
 Empty Cupboard (The), 115  
 "Forty Winks!" 127  
 "Good Dog!" 173  
 Great Political Combination Troupe  
 (The), 7  
 Hercules and the Farmer, 259  
 "Kismet!" 234, 235  
 "La Gloire!" 167  
 New Keepers (The), 67  
 Old Warder William, 21  
 Poor Smiles! 163  
 Rescue! 199  
 Simple Definition (A), 211  
 "Sooner the Better" (The), 79  
 Spill! (The), 43  
 Taking the Reins, 223  
 "Temporary Obstruction" (A), 103  
 Viva Italia! 181

## SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

Admiral Punch welcomes Italia, 14  
 Ark's Definition of Collar Day, 273  
 Asking defeated Rival to be Best Man, 71  
 Athletic Curate at School Treat, 105  
 Athletic Yankee and John Bull, 183  
 Attending Lecture on Criminal Law, 221  
 Aunt Maria as Tribby, 258  
 Authoress and Lady Friend, 174  
 Automatic Gate for Inventors, 267



Balaclava Sexton's Drinks (A), 107  
 Barber's Long-faced Customer, 249  
 Beach Musician and Non-Subscriber, 141  
 Bear disguised as Chinaman, 206  
 Benevolent Gent and Crying Boy, 226  
 Benevolent Lady and Workgirl, 27  
 Big Farmer and Little Minister, 21  
 Brown and a Highland Tailor, 54  
 Cambridge Athletic's Work (A), 237  
 Chamberlain as Hansom Cabman, 28  
 Chief Chamberlain and his Braves, 250  
 Children and Dead Birds, 181  
 "Cocky-Leckie!" 285  
 Columbia and Britannia Yachting, 124  
 Congratulating Engaged Couple, 246  
 Oock and her Bicycle (A), 66  
 Coster's Village at Uganda Exhibition, 190  
 Coster who had been "Wheeler," 177  
 Country Lady and Tramp, 99  
 Country Young Man and "Bus Driver," 73  
 Crying for Mamma, 180  
 Curate and the Bad Egg, 232  
 Cyclists on their Honeymoon, 179  
 Cyclists' Opinions on the Great Wheel, 157  
 Cyclists returning from Shopping, 120  
 Cyclist who went down (A), 262  
 Daddy's Waistcoat, 158  
 Dealer pricing a Ring, 118  
 Defeated Napoleon-Rosebery, 56  
 Dismounted Huntsman and Old Horse,  
 245  
 Diver and the Mermaid (The), 263  
 Dolly and Mr. Punch, 201  
 Don José Chamberlain, 201  
 Dreammaker and Customer's Maid, 231  
 Dreammaker and her Bicycle, 167  
 Drink on the Way to the Meet, 195  
 Edwin's Knots in his Handkerchief, 183  
 Effie at her First Play, 200  
 Effie's Vanity, 150  
 Emperor Art Salesman (The), 243  
 Emperor of Hissis Shocked! 273  
 Eton Boy and Fresh Lobsters, 15  
 Extinct Parliamentary Specimens, 54  
 Father Thames and Water Companies, 86  
 Five Native's Accent (A), 145  
 First Cousin and Last Cousin, 49  
 Fowl's Leg at Sunday Dinner, 47  
 Fox-hunter and Cigarettes, 279  
 Future Bride and Bridegroom, 210  
 Gambling Husband's worthless Heart, 67  
 Gentleman and Cragging Boy, 189  
 Gentlemen entitled to Bare Arms, 83  
 Going to Dine—not Dressed, 81  
 Guest's Nice Drive Home, 6  
 Guttersnipe Model and Artist, 260  
 Harvesting the Public Revenue, 179  
 Heavenly Frock (A), 18  
 Horse-dealer and his Mare, 64

Horses' and Mechanical Locomotion, 110  
 Housemaid winning the Sweep, 35  
 Huntsman and Gamekeeper, 183  
 Husband whom everybody pities, 275  
 Husband won in a Cheap Raffle, 78  
 Incubated Pugnacious Politician, 69  
 Irish Housemaid on Black Blood, 129  
 Irish Political Faction Fight, 260  
 Irish Waiter and Diner's Bill, 288  
 Irish Waiter and Plate of Fork, 87  
 John Bull and Maid of Athens, 26  
 Judge's Dream (The), 142  
 Justin the Terrible and Healy, 81  
 Kindhearted Stranger and Sportsman, 291  
 Kirk Elder and the Bawbees, 188  
 Ladies discussing a Dull Party, 12  
 Ladies' Hats preventing Kissing, 118  
 Ladies' Whist Party next Door, 34  
 Lady at Railway Crossing, 292  
 Lady Bicycling at Battersea, 45  
 Lady Dilly, 1895 (A), 61  
 Lady incommode Male Passengers, 263  
 Lady on Shying Bicycle, 59  
 Lady presenting Flower, 39  
 Lady's Maid and Lady's Luggage, 201  
 Last Salute to the Duke, 215  
 Liking the longer Sonnet, 267  
 Little Groom and Bearing Horse, 35  
 Little Peddlingtonian Angler (A), 163  
 Little Timmins's Large Hat, 299  
 Local Colour in her Letters, 97  
 Lord Salisbury and President Cleveland,  
 203  
 Lord Warden and Cinque Ports Forer, 214  
 Madge's Basket of Figs, 273  
 Magistrate and Constable, 230  
 Mamma's and Effie's "Sets," 186  
 Mamma's Cook's Influence, 198  
 Meeting of Duke and Mr. G., 62  
 Middle-aged Bicyclist and Friend, 191  
 Millionaire's Guileless Donation (A), 169  
 Moderate Drunkard (A), 85  
 Mr. Jones's Son's Violin-playing, 22  
 Mr. Punch driving to the Meet, 303  
 Mr. Punch First in the Field, 217  
 Mr. Punch invites Shahzada to North  
 Pole, 74  
 Mr. Sorney and Harry's Accident, 101  
 Mrs. Snape's Husband's Accident, 179  
 Neither a Baron nor an Heiress, 8  
 Nelson and Britannia, 194  
 New Man at a Ball (The), 42  
 New Usher of the Black Rod, 269  
 Nothing comes off—except Britons, 126  
 Old Gent's "Safety" Bicycle, 121  
 Old Hunting Gent and the Timber, 219  
 Old Lady and "Bus Conductor," 261  
 Old Lady and Carol Boys, 292  
 Old Lady in Smoking Compartment, 57  
 Opening of the Uganda Exhibition, 178  
 Packed Governmental Party, 70  
 Page-boy who is High Church, 185  
 Papa and Daughter after the Play, 46  
 Papa putting a Button in Bag, 254  
 Parlourmaid's Knowledge of Oxford, 9  
 Paterfamilias and School Principal, 82  
 Policeman and Clown's Goose, 261  
 Portrait of Letter-writer to "Times," 227  
 Prize-fighters in a Swell's Box, 207  
 Prize Revenue Pig (The), 266  
 Professor from the North Pole, 50  
 Professor prefers Bad Conversation, 114  
 Publisher cautioning Author, 274  
 Railway Porter and late Passenger, 219  
 Railway Races in Africa, 164  
 Reckless Irish Driver's Old Mare, 95  
 Rector and Runaway Tandem, 168  
 Ricketty, ricketty Crew (A), 125  
 Rosebery and Harcourt's Holiday, 2  
 Rotten Row closed for Alterations, 28  
 Scene in Picardy (A), 111  
 Scrover's Test of drawing in Chalks, 10  
 Scotch Ladies on Clever Frenchier, 297  
 Sculling hurts his Head, 158  
 Shocked at Tribby's Bare Feet, 240  
 Sister's Opinion on Extravagance (A), 90  
 Sketches of Medieval Gunner, 146  
 Smelling Orange-Blossoms, 64  
 Socialist Leader in St. James's Park, 63  
 Solitary Gent with the Hounds, 254  
 Spring-heeled Hunting "Bike," 171  
 Stout Man in Hot Weather, 143  
 Suggestions for Novelties in Sleeves, 265  
 Susan and the Dusty Table, 258  
 Three Tourists discussing Lager, 123  
 Toby's Deputation on Wheel Tax, 254  
 Toper's Large Cups (A), 270  
 Tramp on Hotel Visitors' Seat, 165  
 Turtle-dove Lord Mayor (The), 124  
 Two Authors and their Critics, 298  
 Two Judges Discussing Business, 277  
 Ugly Man and an Artist, 94  
 Waiter and Object in Beer-Glass, 75  
 What caused his stoutness, 169  
 When Schlumpshagen plays a Flute, 147  
 Why an Apple falls, 251  
 Woiseley en route to the Horse Guards, 99  
 "Woman who wanted to" (The), 202  
 Young Photographer and Pig-killing, 264



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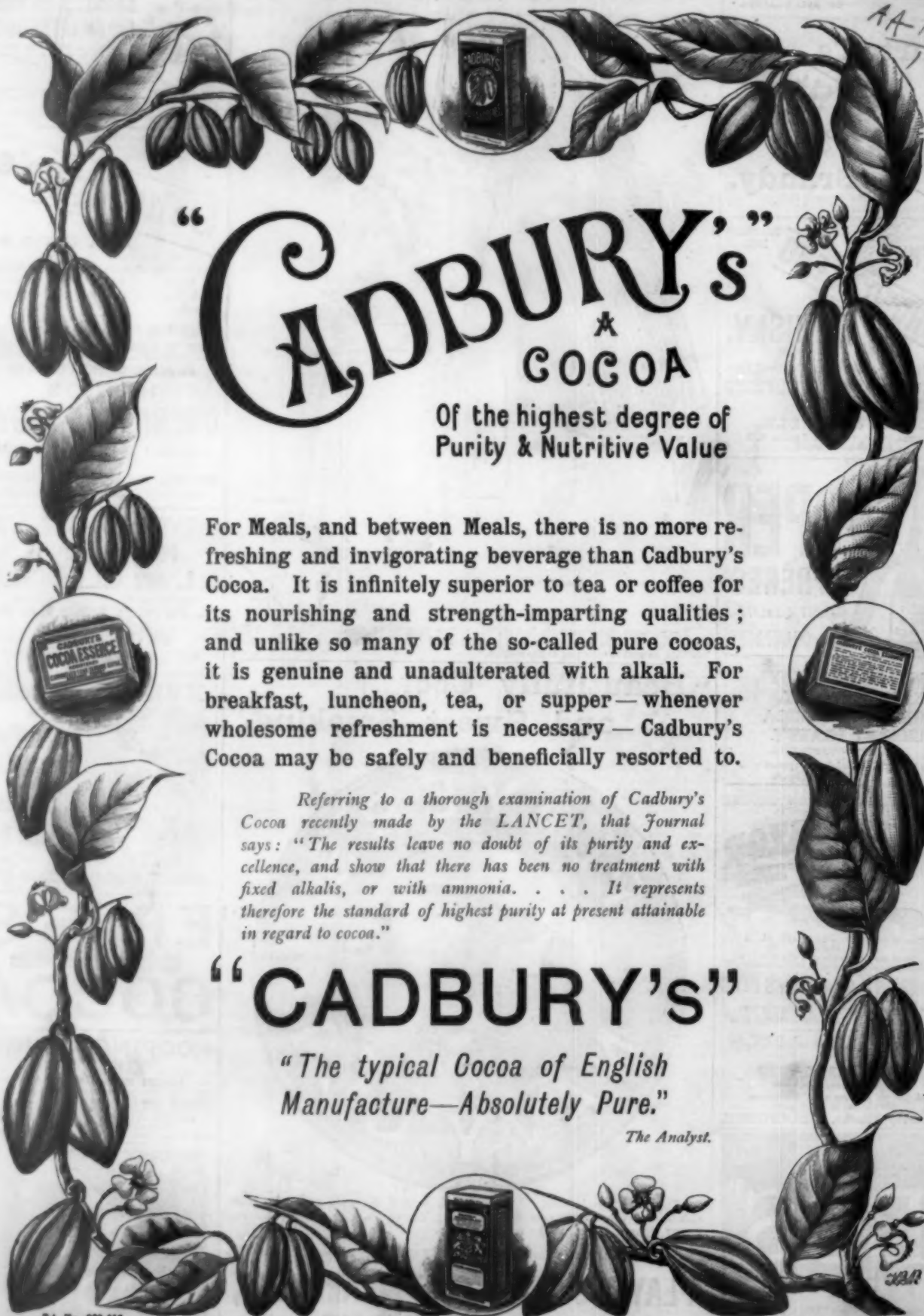
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